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**TOLD TO THE CHILDREN SERIES**

**EDITED BY LOUEY CHISHOLM**

# **THE ROSE AND THE RING**

**TO ALISON AND PHYLLIS**





And she danced away on her one shoe

William Makepeace Thackeray

# THE ROSE AND THE RING

ABRIDGED BY

AMY STEEDMAN

WITH COLOURED PICTURES



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## ABOUT THIS BOOK

The great man who wrote this fairy tale was one of the cleverest that ever wrote stories for grown-up people. And just because he was so clever that he made big people look up to him as the greatest of story-tellers, he was able to stoop down to the level of little children as well, and understand just what they loved most.

Now some of the best stories are often dressed in old-fashioned clothes, and because there is nothing new about them and we know the look of them so well, they are sometimes passed over for more gaily dressed story-books. So, in case this wonderful fairy tale should be treated in this way, I have taken it down from the library shelf, and dressed it in newer clothes, without touching the real story underneath or, I hope, spoiling the work of the great man who wrote it.

And all wise children, who love old friends and do not mind whether they wear old-fashioned clothes or not, will go back, as they grow older, to the story just as Thackeray wrote it, and will, I trust, love it all the more for having learned to know it in a simpler dress.

AMY STEEDMAN.

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## CHAPTER I

### HOW KING VALOROSO GOT THE CROWN, AND PRINCE GIGLIO WENT WITHOUT

The country of Paflagonia, ten or twenty thousand years ago, seems to have been one of those kingdoms where there was no settled law as to who should succeed to the throne. For when the King died, leaving his brother Valoroso to take care of the kingdom, until the little orphan Prince Giglio should be old enough to be King, this unfaithful brother immediately took the crown for himself. He was proclaimed King of Paflagonia under the title of King Valoroso, and had a most splendid coronation. And then he ordered all the nobles to pay him homage.

Now the nobles did not care who was King as long as there were plenty of balls at court and plenty of money, and as for the people it made no difference to them at all. The Prince Giglio, being only a baby when

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his royal father died, did not feel the loss of his crown and kingdom. As long as he had plenty of toys and sweetmeats, a holiday five times a week, a horse and gun to go out shooting when he grew a little older, poor Giglio was perfectly contented. In fact he did not care about anything so long as he was allowed to play with his darling cousin the Princess Angelica. Nor did he envy his uncle the royal robes and sceptre, the great, hot, uncomfortable throne of state, and the big heavy crown which he wore from morning till night.

The Queen, Giglio's aunt, was certainly a pleasing-looking person, though fond of flattery and fine clothes. She was kind to her nephew, and if her conscience pricked her when she remembered that her husband had taken the young Prince's throne, she comforted herself quite easily. For after all, the King was a most respectable man, and when he died Prince Giglio would have the throne and share it with his cousin, whom he loved so fondly.

This cousin, the Princess Angelica, was the only child of the King and Queen, and you may be sure she was considered a perfect model of all a child should be. It was

said she had the longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot, and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in Pafagonia. Her talents were thought to be even greater than her beauty, and governesses used to shame their idle pupils by telling them what Princess Angelica could do. She could play the most difficult pieces of music at sight. She knew every date in the history of Pafagonia and every other country. She knew French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Crim Tartar. In a word she was a very clever young lady, and her governess was the severe Countess Gruffanuff.

Now you might have fancied from her appearance that this Countess Gruffanuff was a person of the highest rank. She looked so haughty that she might have been a Princess at least, but she was not a bit better than many other ladies who give themselves airs. The fact is she had been maid-servant to the Queen, and her husband had been footman, when her Majesty was only Princess. But after the death or disappearance of Mr. Gruffanuff, of which you shall hear presently, his wife



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became a favourite with the Queen. She flattered and wheedled her royal mistress (who was rather a weak woman) until at last her Majesty gave her the title of Countess, and the Countess Gruffanuff was made nursery-governess to the Princess.

And now I must tell you about the Princess's learning which was so famous. Clever Angelica certainly was, but as idle as possible. Play at sight indeed! She could play one or two pieces and pretend she had never seen them before. She could tell you half a dozen dates in history, but then you must take care to ask for the right ones. As for her languages, she had plenty of masters, but I doubt whether she knew more than a few sentences in each, for all her pretence. And as for her embroidery and her drawing, she showed beautiful specimens, it is true, but who did them?

This obliges me to tell the truth, and to do so I must go back ever so far, and tell you about the FAIRY BLACKSTICK.

## CHAPTER II

TELLS WHO THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK WAS,  
AND WHO WERE EVER SO MANY OTHER  
GRAND PEOPLE BESIDES

Between the kingdoms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary, there lived a mysterious person who was known in those countries as the Fairy Blackstick. That name was given to her because she always carried an ebony wand or crutch, on which she rode to the moon sometimes, or went on other journeys of pleasure or business, and with which she worked all her wonders.

When she was young she had been taught all the fairy arts by the old magician, her father. She was always practising her skill then, whizzing about from one kingdom to another on her black stick and giving her fairy gifts to this Prince or that. She had scores of god-children, and she turned hundreds of wicked people into beasts, birds,

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boot-jacks, umbrellas, and other absurd shapes. In a word she was one of the most active of the whole family of fairies.

But after two or three thousand years of this play, I suppose Blackstick grew tired of it. Or perhaps she thought, 'What good am I doing by sending this Princess to sleep for a hundred years, or by fixing a black pudding to that old lady's nose? Why should I make diamonds and pearls drop from one little girl's mouth, and vipers and toads come from another's? I begin to think I do as much harm as good by my fairy work, and may just as well leave things alone. There were my two god-daughters, Giglio's mother and Bulbo's mother. I gave them each a present, to one a Rose and to the other a Ring which was to make them appear charming as long as they lived. What good did my Rose and my Ring do these two women? No good at all. Because they were thought so charming every one spoilt them, and they became idle and vain, and fancied themselves beautiful even when they were quite old and ugly. They used actually to look down upon me when I went to visit them—*me*, the Fairy Blackstick who knows all about fairy spells and could have turned

them into monkeys, and their diamonds into strings of onions, by a single wave of my rod.'

So she locked up her books in her cupboard and refused to work any more magic charms, and scarcely used her wand at all except as a cane to walk about with.

So when Bulbo was born (his mother was the Fairy's god-daughter and his father was Duke Padella a nobleman in Crim Tartary), Blackstick would not so much as come to the christening, but merely sent her compliments and a silver mug for the baby, which was really not worth a couple of guineas.

About this same time little Prince Giglio was born ; and the guns were fired, the town illuminated, and no end of feasts made to celebrate the young Prince's birth. People thought that the Fairy, who was asked to be his god-mother, would at least have given him an invisible jacket, a flying horse, or some other valuable gift. But instead, Blackstick went up to the cradle of the child Giglio, where everybody was admiring him, and said, 'My poor child, the best thing I can send you is a little *misfortune*.' And this was all she would say, to the disgust of his royal papa and mamma, who died very soon

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after, when Giglio's uncle took the throne, as we read in Chapter I.

So also when the King of Crim Tartary had a christening of his only child, Rosalba, the Fairy Blackstick, who had been invited, was not more gracious than she had been to Prince Giglio. Whilst every one was talking of the beauty of the darling child, the Fairy Blackstick looked very sadly at the baby and its mother and said, 'My good woman' (for the fairy was very familiar) — 'my good woman, these people who are flattering you will be the first to turn against you. And as for this little lady, the best thing I can wish for her is a little *misfortune*.' So she touched Rosalba with her black wand, looked severely at the courtiers, waved good-bye to the Queen, and sailed slowly up into the air out of the window.

When she was gone the court people, who had been awed and silent in her presence, began to speak. 'What a horrid fairy she is,' they said, — 'a pretty kind of fairy indeed ! Why she went to the Prince Giglio's christening, and pretended to do all sorts of things for that family. And what has happened ? The Prince, her godson, has been turned off his throne by his uncle. Would

we allow any one to take the throne away from our sweet Princess? Never, never, never!’

And they all shouted in a chorus, ‘Never, never, never!’

Now I should like to know how these fine courtiers showed their faithfulness. One of the King’s nobles, the Duke of Padella, father of little Bulbo, just mentioned, rebelled against the King, who went out to punish his rebellious subject. ‘Any one rebel against our beloved King!’ cried the courtiers. ‘Pooh! He will bring home Padella a prisoner and tie him to a donkey’s tail.’

So the King went forth to punish Padella, and the poor Queen, who was very timid, grew so frightened and ill, that I am sorry to say she died. She left orders with her ladies to take care of the dear little Rosalba.—Of course they said they would. Of course they vowed they would die rather than any harm should happen to the Princess.

At first the Crim Tartar newspaper said that the King was winning great victories. Then it said that the troops of the wicked Padella were put to flight, and then—then the news came that the King was beaten

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and had been killed, and the crown now belonged to King Padella the First.

At this news, half the courtiers ran off to pay their duty to the new King, and the other half ran away. They took with them all the most valuable things in the palace, and poor little Rosalba was left there quite alone—quite alone. She toddled from one room to another, crying ‘Countess! Duchess!’ (only she said, Tountess, Duttest; not being able to speak plain) ‘bring me my mutton sop; my Royal Highness hungry. Tountess! Duttest!’ and she went from the nursery into the throne-room and nobody was there;—and then into the ball-room and nobody was there;—and then into the pages’ room and nobody was there. And she toddled down the great staircase into the hall and nobody was there;—and the door was open and she went into the court and into the garden and then into the forest where the wild beasts live, and never was heard of any more. A piece of her torn cloak and one of her shoes were found in the wood in the mouths of two lioness’s cubs. The lioness had been shot by King Padella and a royal hunting party.

‘So the poor little Princess is done for,’

## THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK      II

said King Padella—for he called himself King now and reigned over Crim Tartary; ‘well, what’s done can’t be helped. Gentlemen, let us go to luncheon!’ And one of the courtiers took up the shoe and put it in his pocket. And there was an end of Rosalba!



## CHAPTER III

### HOW BLACKSTICK WAS NOT ASKED TO THE PRINCESS ANGELICA'S CHRISTENING

When the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been chosen as porter by their Royal Highnesses because he was a very tall fierce man who could say 'Not at home' to unwelcome visitors with a rudeness which frightened such people away. He was the husband of that Countess whom we have already heard about, and as long as they were together they quarrelled from morning till night.

Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For when the Fairy Blackstick came to call upon the Prince and Princess, who were actually sitting at the great drawing-room window, Gruffanuff said

'Not at home,' and then he winked in a rude, vulgar way, as he was going to slam the door in the Fairy's face!

'Git away, old Blackstick!' said he. 'I tell you Master and Missis ain't at home to you.' And he was, as we have said, going to slam the door.

But the Fairy, with her wand, prevented the door being shut, and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury. He was in a dreadful rage and asked the Fairy 'whether she thought he was a-going to stay at that there door all day?'

'You are going to stay at that door all day and all night and for many a long year,' said the Fairy. And Gruffanuff coming out of the door and standing there with his great calves, burst out laughing and cried, 'Ha, ha! this is a joke! Ha—ha—what's this? Let me down—O—o—H'm!' and then he was dumb.

For, as the Fairy waved her wand over him he felt himself rising off the ground and fluttering up against the door. Then it seemed as if a screw ran through the middle of him, and he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door. And then his arms flew up over his head; and his legs, after kicking about wildly, twisted under his body,

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and he felt cold, cold growing over him as if he was turning into metal. And he said, 'O —o H'm!' and could say no more because he was dumb.

He was turned into metal! He was neither more nor less than a knocker! And there he was, nailed to the door in the blazing summer day, till he turned almost red-hot. And there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights till his brass nose was frozen into an icicle. And the postman came and rapped at him, and the vulgarest boy with a letter came and hit him up against the door.

And as the King and Queen (they were only Prince and Princess then) were coming home from a walk, that evening, the King said, 'Hallo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our porter in the face! What has become of that rascal?'

And the housemaid came and rubbed his nose with sand-paper, and one night some wild young men tried to wrench him off, and put him to the most dreadful agony with a screwdriver. And then the Queen had a fancy to have the colour of the door altered. And the painters dabbed him over the mouth and eyes and nearly choked him

as they painted him pea-green. You may be sure he had plenty of time to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick !

As for his wife, she did not miss him. And every one knew he was always quarrelling with her and owed a great deal of money, so it was supposed he had run away and gone to Australia or America, and when the Prince and Princess chose to become King and Queen, they left their old house, and nobody thought of the porter any more.

## CHAPTER IV

### HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID

One day when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl she was walking in the garden of the palace. Her governess, Mrs. Gruffanuff, was with her, holding a parasol over her head to keep her sweet complexion from the freckles, and Angelica was carrying a bun to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.

They had not reached the duck pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl! She had a great deal of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and looked as if she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak, and had only one shoe on.

'You little wretch, who let you in here?' asked Gruffanuff.

'Div me dat bun,' said the little girl, 'me vely hungy.'





‘Hungry! what is that?’ asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

‘O Princess!’ says Gruffanuff, ‘how good, how kind, how truly angelical you are! See, your Majesties,’ she said to the King and Queen who now came up, along with their nephew, Prince Giglio, ‘how kind the Princess is! she met this little dirty wretch in the garden—I can’t tell how she came in here, or why the guards did not shoot her dead at the gate!—and the dear darling of a Princess has given her the whole of her bun!’

‘I didn’t want it,’ said Angelica.

‘But you are a darling little angel all the same,’ says the governess.

‘Yes, I know I am,’ said Angelica. ‘Dirty little girl, don’t you think I am very pretty?’ Indeed she had on the finest of little dresses and hats, and as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very nice.

‘Oh, pooty, pooty!’ says the little girl, jumping about, laughing and dancing and munching her bun. And as she ate it she began to sing, ‘Oh, what fun to have a plum-bun! How I wis it never was done.’ Which made Angelica, Giglio, and the King and Queen laugh very merrily.



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'I can dance as well as sing,' says the little girl; 'I can dance and I can sing, and I can do all sorts of ting.' And she ran to a flower-bed, and pulling a few flowers, made herself a little wreath. Then she danced before the King and Queen, and was so funny and pretty that everybody was delighted.

'Who was your mother—who were your brothers and sisters, little girl?' said the Queen.

The little girl said, 'Little lion was my brudder, great big lioness my mudder, neber heard of any odder.' And she danced away on her one shoe, and everybody was exceedingly amused.

So Angelica said to the Queen, 'Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage; I don't care any more for any of my toys: I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me, so I will take her home and give her some of my old frocks.'

'Oh, the generous darling!' says Gruff-anuff.

'Which I have worn ever so many times and am quite tired of,' Angelica went on; 'and she shall be my little maid.—Will you come home with me, little dirty girl?'

The child clapped her hands and said, 'Go home with you?—yes! You pooty Princess! —Have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress!'

And they all laughed again and took the child home to the palace, where, when she was washed and combed, and had one of the Princess's frocks given her, she looked as handsome as Angelica, almost. Not that Angelica ever thought so. For this little lady never imagined that anybody in the world could be as pretty, as good, or as clever as herself.

In order that the little girl should not become too proud and conceited, Mrs. Gruff-anuff took her ragged cloak and one shoe, and put them into a glass box. A card was put inside the box on which was written, 'These were the old clothes in which little Betsinda was found, when the great goodness and kindness of her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica received this little outcast.' And the date was added, and the box locked up.

For a while little Betsinda was a great favourite with the Princess, and she danced and sang and made her little rhymes to amuse her mistress. But then the Princess got a monkey, and afterwards a little dog,

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and afterwards a doll, and did not care for Betsinda any more. So the little maid became very sad and quiet, and sang no more funny songs because nobody cared to hear her. And then, as she grew older, she was made lady's-maid to the Princess, and worked and mended, though she had no wages. She put Angelica's hair in papers and was never cross when scolded, and was always eager to please her mistress. She was always up early and went to bed late, and was never out of the way when she was wanted. In fact she became a perfect little maid.

So the two girls grew up, and when the Princess came out, Betsinda was never tired of waiting on her. She made her dresses better than the best milliner, and was useful in a hundred ways. Whilst the Princess was having her masters, Betsinda would sit and watch them, and in this way picked up a great deal of learning. For she was always awake, though her mistress was not, and she listened to the wise professors, when Angelica was yawning or thinking of the next ball. And when the dancing-master came, Betsinda learned with Angelica. And when the music-master came, she watched him and practised the Princess's pieces when

Angelica was away at balls and parties. And when the drawing-master came she took note of all he said and did. She did the same with French, Italian, and all other languages—she learned them from the teacher who came to Angelica. When the Princess was going out in the evening, she would say, ‘My good Betsinda, you may as well finish what I have begun.’

‘Yes, miss,’ Betsinda would say, and sit down very cheerful not to finish what Angelica had begun, but to do it.’

For instance, the Princess would begin to draw the head of a warrior, and when it was begun it looked much more like the head of a cat. But when it was finished by Betsinda it looked exactly like a soldier and as handsome as possible. Then the Princess put her name to the drawing, and the Court, and King and Queen, and above all poor Giglio, admired the picture very much and said, ‘Was there ever a genius like Angelica?’

I am sorry to say the same thing happened with the Princess’s embroidery and many other things. And Angelica actually believed she did these things herself, and took all the flattery of the Court, as if every word of it was true.

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Now you begin to see that Angelica had faults of her own, and was by no means such a wonder of wonders as her Royal Highness was thought to be.

## CHAPTER V

### HOW PRINCE GIGLIO BEHAVED HIMSELF

And now let us speak about Prince Giglio, the nephew of the King of Paflagonia. It has already been mentioned that as long as he had a smart coat to wear, a good horse to ride, and money in his pocket, my young Prince did not care for the loss of his crown and sceptre. For you see he was a thoughtless youth and was not much inclined to politics or any kind of learning. He would not learn arithmetic or history, and his tutor pulled a very long face because Giglio refused to study any lessons.

But on the other hand he could hunt, and shoot, and dance, and play tennis better than almost any one else, and his fencing master, the great Count Hedzoff, said he was the best swordsman in all the kingdom.

The Prince and Princess used often to walk together in the palace garden, and

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sometimes Giglio would even kiss Angelica's hand in a polite manner. For you see they were cousins and the Queen always wished that they should marry. So did Giglio. So did Angelica sometimes, for she thought her cousin very handsome and good-natured. But then you know she was so clever and knew so many things, and poor Giglio knew nothing, and had no conversation.

So you see, Angelica, though she liked Giglio pretty well, despised him on account of his ignorance. I think she probably valued her own learning rather too much, but to think too well of one's self is a common fault. Finally, Angelica liked her cousin well enough when nobody else was there.

Now King Valoroso, Angelica's father, was not very strong, and was so fond of good dinners, that it was thought he could not live long. The idea of anything happening to the King terrified Gruffanuff and the other people who had been unkind to Giglio. For, thought they, 'when Prince Giglio marries his cousin and comes to the throne, what a pretty position we shall be in. He dislikes us, and we will have to give up all the things we have robbed him of.' You

see Gruffanuff had taken all the jewels and rings and watches which belonged to Giglio's mother; and then all the money left to Giglio by his father,—two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny, had disappeared.

So these people hated Giglio because they had wronged him, and they invented cruel stories about poor Giglio in order to set the King, Queen, and Princess against him. They said he was so stupid he could not spell the commonest words, and actually spelt Angelica with two l's. They were sure he owed ever so much money at the pastry-cook's, and he was always idling in the stables with the grooms or playing cards with the pages. They even said that he used to go to sleep at church.

So did the Queen like playing cards, so did the King go to sleep at church. And if Giglio owed a trifle for tarts, who owed him two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny, I should like to know? Tale-bearers (in my



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humble opinion) had much better look at their own faults.

All these wicked stories had effect on Princess Angelica, who began to look coldly on her cousin and scorn him for being so stupid. And at Court balls and dinners she began to treat him so unkindly that poor Giglio became quite ill, went to bed, and sent for the doctor.

I dare say some villains, who shall be nameless, wished the Court doctor had killed Giglio right out, but he only gave him such nasty medicine that the Prince was kept to his room for several months and grew as thin as a post.

Whilst he was lying sick in this way, there came to the Court a famous painter from the Kingdom of Crim Tartary. He painted all the Court, who were delighted with his pictures, for he made even the Countess Gruffanuff look young and sweet-tempered. 'He flatters very much,' some people said. 'Nay!' says the Princess Angelica, 'I am above flattery, and I think he did not make my picture handsome enough. I can't bear to hear a man of genius unjustly cried down.'

The Princess Angelica, although the

courtiers vowed her Royal Highness could draw so beautifully that the idea of her taking lessons was absurd, chose to have this painter for a teacher. And it was wonderful what beautiful pictures she made as long as she painted in his studio. She wrote her name under the drawings, no doubt, but I think I know who did the pictures.

One day the artist showed Angelica a portrait of a young man in armour, with fair hair and the loveliest blue eyes, and an expression at once sad and interesting.

‘Who is this?’ asked the Princess.

‘I never saw any one so handsome,’ says Countess Gruffanuff.

‘That,’ said the painter, ‘that, madam, is the portrait of my young master, his Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary. That is the Order of the Pumpkin glittering on his manly breast, which he received from his royal father King Padella. It was given him on account of his great bravery in a battle, where he slew two hundred and eleven giants with his own princely hand.’

What a prince! thought Angelica; so brave—so calm-looking—so young—what a hero!

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'He is as clever as he is brave,' continued the Court painter. 'He knows all languages perfectly. He sings deliciously and plays every instrument. He composes operas which have been acted at the Imperial Theatre of Crim Tartary, and danced a ballet there before the King and Queen. On that occasion he looked so beautiful that his cousin, a lovely Princess, died for love of him.'

'Why did he not marry the poor Princess?' asked Angelica with a sigh.

'Because the young Prince had given his heart elsewhere,' said the painter.

'And to whom?' asked her Royal Highness.

'I am not at liberty to mention her name,' answered the painter.

'You may tell me the first letter of it,' gasped out the Princess.

'That your Royal Highness is at liberty to guess,' says the painter.

'Does it begin with a Z?' asked Angelica.

The painter said it wasn't a Z. Then she tried a Y, then an X, then a W, and went so backwards through almost the whole alphabet.

When she came to D, and it wasn't D,

she grew very much excited. When she came to C, and it wasn't C, she was still more nervous. When she came to B, and it wasn't B, 'O dearest Gruffanuff,' she said, 'lend me your smelling-bottle!' and, hiding her head in the Countess's shoulder, she faintly whispered, 'Oh, sir, can it be A?'

'It is A, and though I may not, by my Royal Master's orders, tell your Royal Highness the name of the Princess whom he fondly, madly loves, I may show you her portrait,' says this slyboots. And leading the Princess up to a gilt frame, he drew a curtain which was before it.

What do you think? The frame contained a LOOKING-GLASS! And Angelica saw her own face!

## CHAPTER VI

### HOW GIGLIO AND ANGELICA HAD A QUARREL

The Court painter of his Majesty Padella returned to Crim Tartary, carrying away a number of sketches he had made in Paf-lagonia. But the most charming of all his pictures was the portrait of the Princess Angelica, which all the Crim Tartar nobles came to see. The King was so delighted with this work that he decorated the painter with the Order of the Pumpkin.

King Valoroso also sent the painter his Order of the Cucumber, and a handsome sum of money for the portrait of Prince Bulbo, which he had left behind him.

This portrait hung in the royal dining-room over the royal sideboard, and Princess Angelica could always look at it as she sat making the tea. Every day it seemed to grow handsomer and handsomer, and the

Princess grew so fond of looking at it, that she would often spill the tea over the cloth. At which her father and mother would wink and wag their heads, and say to each other, 'Aha! we see how things are going.'

In the meanwhile poor Giglio lay upstairs very ill in his room. He grew no better, though he took all the doctor's horrible medicines like a good young lad, as I hope you do, my dears, when you are ill and mamma sends for the doctor. And the only person who visited Giglio was little Betsinda the housemaid, who used to do his bedroom and sitting-room out, bring him his gruel, and warm his bed.

When the little housemaid came to him in the morning and evening, Prince Giglio used to say, 'Betsinda, Betsinda, how is the Princess Angelica?'

And Betsinda used to answer, 'The Princess is very well, thank you, my lord.'

And Giglio would heave a sigh and think, If Angelica were sick, I'm sure I would not be very well. Then he would say, 'Betsinda, has the Princess Angelica asked for me to-day?'

And Betsinda would answer, 'No, my lord, not to-day,' or, 'She was very busy practising

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the piano when I saw her,' or, 'She was writing invitations for an evening party, and did not speak to me,' or make some excuse or other to hide the truth. For Betsinda was such a good-natured creature that she tried to do everything to prevent Prince Giglio being troubled. She even brought him up roast chicken and jellies from the kitchen (when the doctor allowed them, and Giglio was getting better), saying that the Princess had made the jelly, or the bread-sauce, with her own hands, 'on purpose for Giglio.'

When Giglio heard this he took heart, and began to get better immediately. He gobbled up all the jelly, and picked the last bone of the chicken, thanking his dear Angelica. And he felt so much better the next day that he dressed and went downstairs, where, whom should he meet but Angelica going into the drawing-room?

All the covers were off the chairs, the curtains uncovered, the work and things carried away, and the handsomest albums on the tables. Angelica had her hair in papers, and in a word it was evident there was going to be a party.

'Dear me, Giglio!' cries Angelica, 'you

here in such a dress! What a figure you are!’

‘Yes, dear Angelica, I am come downstairs, and feel so well to-day, thanks to the fowl and the jelly.’

‘What do I know about fowls and jellies, that you talk of them in that rude way?’ says Angelica.

‘Why, didn’t—didn’t you send them, Angelica dear?’ says Giglio.

‘I send them indeed! Angelica dear! No, Giglio dear,’ says she, mocking him. ‘I was busy getting the rooms ready for his Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary, who is coming to pay my papa’s Court a visit.’

‘The—Prince—of—Crim—Tartary!’ Giglio said, gasping.

‘Yes, the Prince of Crim Tartary,’ says Angelica, mocking him. ‘I dare say you never heard of such a country. What did you ever hear of? Oh you stupid! You are so ignorant you are really not fit for society. Don’t look so surprised at me, sir. Go and put your best clothes on to receive the Prince, and let me get the drawing-room ready.’

Giglio said, ‘Oh, Angelica, Angelica, I



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didn't think this of you. This wasn't your language to me when you gave me this ring, and I gave you mine in the garden, and you gave me that K——'

But what K was we never shall know, for Angelica in a rage cried, 'Get away, you saucy, rude creature! How dare you remind me of your rudeness? As for your little trumpery twopenny ring, there, sir, there!' and she flung it out of the window.

'It was my mother's marriage-ring,' cried Giglio.

'I don't care whose marriage-ring it was,' cries Angelica. 'Marry the person who picks it up if she's a woman; you shan't marry me. And give me back my ring. I've no patience with people who boast about the things they give away. I know who'll give me much finer things than you ever gave me. A beggarly ring indeed, not worth five shillings.'

Now Angelica did not know that the ring which Giglio had given her was the fairy ring which Blackstick had given to Giglio's mother. If a man wore this ring it made all the women love him, and if a woman wore it, then all the men loved her. The Queen, Giglio's mother, quite an ordinary-

looking person, was admired very much whilst she wore this ring. But just before she died she called her little Giglio to her and put the ring on his finger, and then no one seemed to care for the Queen any more, but gave all their love to little Giglio. But when, as quite a child, he gave the ring to Angelica, people began to love and admire her, and took no more notice of Giglio. 'Yes,' says Angelica, going on in her foolish, ungrateful way, 'I know who'll give me much finer things than a beggarly little pearl nonsense.'

'Very good, miss! You may take back your ring too!' says Giglio, his eyes flashing fire at her. And then, as if his eyes had been suddenly opened, he cried out, 'Ha! what does this mean?' Is this the woman I have been in love with all my life? Have I been such a stupid as to waste my love on you? Why—actually—yes—you are quite ugly.'

'Oh, you wretch!' cries Angelica.

'And really you—you squint a little, and your hair is red.'

'Oh, you horrid, horrid creature!' Angelica screamed out, and she gave Giglio one, two, three hard smacks, and would have pulled

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out handfuls of his hair, but at that moment the first lord-in-waiting entered and said, with a low bow, 'Royal Highnesses! their Majesties expect you in the Pink Throne-room, where they await the arrival of the Prince of Crim Tartary.'

## CHAPTER VII

### HOW GRUFFANUFF PICKED THE FAIRY RING UP, AND PRINCE BULBO CAME TO COURT

Prince Bulbo's arrival had set all the Court in a flutter. Everybody was ordered to put his or her best clothes on. The footmen had their grandest liveries, the Lord Chancellor his new wig, and the Guards their last new tunics. As for the Countess Gruffanuff, you may be sure she was glad enough of a chance of decorating herself with her finest things. She was walking through the court of the palace on her way to wait on their Majesties, when she spied something glittering on the pavement, and bade the boy in buttons, who was holding up her train, to go and pick up the article shining yonder. He was an ugly little wretch, dressed in some of the late porter's old clothes cut down, and much too tight for him. And yet, when he had taken

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up the fairy ring (as it turned out to be), and was carrying it to his mistress, she thought he looked like a little Cupid. He gave the ring to her; it was a trumpery little thing enough, but too small for any of her old knuckles, so she put it in her pocket.

‘Oh, mum!’ says the boy, looking at her, ‘how—how beyoutiful you do look, mum, to-day, mum.’

‘And you, too, Jacky,’ she was going to say; but, looking down at him—no, he was no longer good-looking at all—but only the carrotty-haired little Jacky of the morning. However, praise is welcome from the ugliest of men and boys, and Gruffanuff, bidding the boy hold up her train, walked on in high good-humour.

The guards saluted her with particular respect. Captain Hedzoff, in the ante-room said, ‘My dear madam, you look like an angel to-day.’ And so, bowing and smiling, Gruffanuff went in and took her place behind her Royal Master and Mistress, who were in the throne-room, awaiting the Prince of Crim Tartary. Princess Angelica sat at their feet, and behind the King’s chair stood Prince Giglio, looking very savage.

The Prince of Crim Tartary walked in,





attended by his chamberlain and followed by a black page carrying the most beautiful crown you ever saw! He was dressed in his travelling costume, and his hair was rather untidy. 'I have ridden three hundred miles since breakfast,' said he, 'so eager was I to behold the Prin—the Court and the Royal Family of Paflagonia. And I could not wait one minute before appearing in your Majesties' presence.'

Giglio, from behind the throne, burst into a roar of mocking laughter, but all the Royal party were so flurried that they did not notice this little outbreak.

'Your Royal Highness is welcome in any dress,' says the King. 'Hedzoff, a chair for his Royal Highness.'

'Any dress his Royal Highness wears is a Court dress,' says Princess Angelica, smiling graciously.

'Ah! but you should see my other clothes,' said the Prince. 'I should have put them on, but that stupid carrier has not brought them. Who's that laughing?'

It was Giglio laughing. 'I was laughing,' he said, 'because you said just now that you were in such a hurry to see the Princess that you could not wait to change your dress.'



And now you say you came in those clothes because you have no others.'

'And who are you?' says Prince Bulbo, very fiercely.

'My father was King of this country, and I am his only son, Prince!' replies Giglio in the same proud tone.

'Ha!' said the King, looking very flurried. 'Dear Prince Bulbo, I forgot to introduce to your Royal Highness my dear nephew, his Royal Highness Prince Giglio! Know each other! Embrace each other! Giglio, give his Royal Highness your hand!' And Giglio gave his hand, squeezing poor Bulbo's until the tears ran out of his eyes.

Hedzoff now brought a chair for the royal visitor, and placed it on the platform on which the King, Queen, and Prince were seated. But the chair was on the edge of the platform, and as Bulbo sat down, it toppled over, and he fell with it, rolling over and over, and bellowing like a bull.

Giglio laughed still louder at this disaster, and so did all the Court when Prince Bulbo got up. For though when he entered the room he looked quite handsome, when he stood up from his fall he looked so very plain and foolish that nobody could help

laughing at him. When he had entered the room he was seen to carry a rose in his hand, but he had dropped it as he fell. Now this was the Magic Rose which the Fairy Blackstick had given to Bulbo's mother.

'My rose! my rose!' cried Bulbo, and his chamberlain dashed forward and picked it up and gave it to the Prince who put it in his button-hole. Then people wondered why they had laughed, for there was nothing particularly ridiculous in him. He was rather short, rather stout, rather red-haired, but for a Prince he was not at all bad-looking.

So they sat and talked together--Giglio very comfortable with Gruffanuff behind the throne. He looked at her with such tender eyes that her heart was all in a flutter.'

'Oh, dear prince,' she said, 'how could you speak so proudly in presence of their Majesties? I thought I should have fainted.'

'I should have caught you in my arms,' said Giglio, looking raptures.

'Why were you so cruel to Prince Bulbo, dear Prince?' says Gruff.

'Because I hate him,' says Giglio.

'You are jealous of him, and still love poor Angelica,' cries Gruffanuff, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

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'I did, but I love her no more!' Giglio cried; 'I despise her! Were she heiress to twenty thousand thrones, I would despise her and scorn her. But why speak of thrones? I have lost mine. I am too weak to recover it- I am alone, and have no friend.'

'Oh, say not so, dear Prince!' says Gruffanuff.

'What are you two people chattering about?' says the Queen. 'It is time to dress for dinner. Giglio, show Prince Bulbo to his room. Prince, if your clothes have not come, we shall be very happy to see you as you are.'

But when Prince Bulbo got to his bedroom, his luggage was there and unpacked. And the hairdresser coming in, cut and curled him entirely to his own satisfaction. And when the dinner-bell rang the royal company had not to wait more than five-and-twenty minutes until Bulbo appeared, during which time the King, who could not bear to wait, grew as sulky as possible.

As for Giglio, he never left Madam Gruffanuff all this time, but stood with her in one of the deep windows paying her compliments. At length his Royal Highness the

Prince of Crim Tartary was announced, and the noble company went into the royal dining-room. It was quite a small party, but you may be sure they had a very good dinner. Let every boy and girl think of what he or she likes best, and then they will know what was on the table.

The Princess talked all dinner time to Prince Bulbo, who ate a good deal too much and never took his eyes off his plate. Giglio was rude and ungracious and would not speak to any one but the Countess Gruffanuff, who you may be sure was very pleased with his attentions—the vain old creature! When he was not complimenting her, he was making fun of Prince Bulbo, so loud that Gruffanuff was always tapping him with her fan and saying, ‘Oh fie, the Prince will hear!’ ‘Well, I don’t mind,’ says Giglio, louder still.

The King and Queen luckily did not hear, for her Majesty was a little deaf and the King thought so much about his own dinner that he paid no attention to anything else. After dinner his Majesty and the Queen went to sleep in their arm-chairs.

Bulbo went and sat by the piano, where Angelica was playing and singing, and he sang quite out of tune, and he upset the

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coffee when the footman brought it. But Angelica still thought he was the most beautiful and charming of human beings, for you see he still wore the Magic Rose, which made him appear exquisite in her eyes.

Giglio must go and sit by Gruffanuff, whose ugly old face he too every moment began to find more lovely (for you remember she had the Magic Ring). He said there was never such a darling as she was. He would marry her—he would have nothing but her.

To marry the heir to the throne! Here was a chance! The artful old thing actually got a sheet of paper, and wrote on it, 'This is to give notice that I, Giglio, hereby promise to marry the charming Countess Gruffanuff.'

'What is it you are writing, my charming Gruffy?' said Giglio, who was sitting on the sofa by the writing-table.

'Only an order for you to sign, dear Prince, for giving coals and blankets to the poor, this cold weather. Look! the King and Queen are both asleep, and your Royal Highness's order will do.'

So Giglio, who was very good-natured, as Gruffy well knew, signed the order at once.

And when Gruffanuff had it in her pocket you may fancy what airs she gave herself. She was ready to flounce out of the room before the Queen herself, now that she was going to be the wife of the rightful King of Paflagonia. And when candles came and she had helped to undress the Queen and Princess, she went into her own room, and actually practised writing on a sheet of paper, 'Gruffanuff, Queen of Paflagonia,' and I don't know what signatures besides, to be ready for the day when she should be Queen indeed!

## CHAPTER VIII

### HOW BETSINDA GOT THE WARMING-PAN

Little Betsinda came in to put Gruffanuff's hair in papers, and the Countess was so pleased that, for a wonder, she talked quite pleasantly to Betsinda.

'Betsinda!' she said, 'you dressed my hair very nicely to-day, and I promised you a little present. Here are five sh—no, here is a pretty little ring that I picked—that I have had some time.' And she gave Betsinda the ring she had picked up in the court. It fitted Betsinda exactly.

'It's the ring the Princess used to wear,' says the maid.

'No such thing,' says Gruffanuff, 'I have had it for ever so long. There, tuck me up quite comfortable. And now as it is a very cold night (the snow was beating in at the window) you may go and warm dear Prince

Giglio's bed, like a good girl. And after that you may unpick my green silk dress, and then you can just do me up a little cap for the morning, and then you can mend that hole in my silk stockings, and then you can go to bed, Betsinda. Mind, I shall want my cup of tea at five o'clock in the morning.'

'I suppose I had better warm both the young gentlemen's beds, ma'am,' says Betsinda. Gruffanuff for reply said, 'Hau—au—ho!—grau—haw—hoo! Hong—wiho!' In fact she was snoring, sound asleep.

So pretty Betsinda went away for the coals to the kitchen, and filled the royal warming-pan, and took it first to Prince Giglio's bed, which she warmed, and then to Prince Bulbo's room.

Prince Bulbo came in just as she had done, and as soon as he saw her he cried out, 'O! O! O! O! what a beyou-oo-ootiful creature you are. You angel! Be mine! Be Princess of Crim Tartary. My Royal father will approve, and, as for that little carrotty-haired Angelica, I do not care a fig for her any more.

'Go away, your Royal Highness, and go to bed please,' said Betsinda, with the warming-pan.

But Bulbo said, 'No, never, till thou



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swarest to be mine, thou lovely, blushing, chambermaid divine! Here, at thy feet, the Royal Bulbo lies, the trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes.'

And he went on, making himself so silly and foolish, that Betsinda, who was full of fun, gave him a touch with the warming-pan which made him cry 'O—O—O—O!' in a very different way.

Prince Bulbo made such a noise that Prince Giglio, who heard him from the next room, came in to see what was the matter. As soon as he saw what was happening, Giglio, in a fury, rushed on Bulbo, and shook him in the rudest manner, till his hair was quite out of curl.

Poor Betsinda did not know whether to laugh or cry. The shaking must certainly hurt the Prince, but then he looked so funny. When Giglio had done knocking him up and down, and whilst he went into a corner rubbing himself, what do you think Giglio does? He goes down on his knees to Betsinda, takes her hand, begs her to accept his heart, and offers to marry her that moment. Fancy what Betsinda felt. She who had been in love with Prince Giglio ever since she first saw him in the

palace garden, when she was quite a little child.

'Oh, my dear Betsinda!' says the Prince, 'how have I lived fifteen years in thy company without seeing how beautiful thou art?' There is no other woman in all the world like thee. Angelica? Pish! Gruffanuff? Phoo! The Queen? Ha, ha! Thou art my Queen. Thou art the real Angelica, because thou art really angelic.'

'O Prince! I am only a poor chambermaid,' says Betsinda, looking, however, very much pleased.

'Didst thou not tend me in my sickness, when all forsook me?' continues Giglio. 'Did not thy gentle hand smooth my pillow, and bring me jelly and roast chicken?'

'Yes, dear Prince, I did,' says Betsinda.

When poor Prince Bulbo, who was now madly in love with Betsinda, heard this, and saw how she looked at Giglio, he began to cry bitterly. And he tore quantities of hair out of his head till it all covered the floor.

Betsinda had left the warming-pan on the floor while the Princes were talking, and as they began now to quarrel and be very fierce with one another, she thought it better to run away.

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'You great silly,' cried Giglio, 'tearing your hair in the corner there. How dare you kneel down at Princess Giglio's feet and kiss her hand?'

'She's not Princess Giglio!' roars out Bulbo. 'She shall be Princess Bulbo, no other shall be Princess Bulbo.'

'You are going to marry my cousin Angelica!' bellows out Giglio.

'I hate your cousin,' says Bulbo.

'I'll have your life.'

'I'll run you through.'

'I'll knock your head off.'

'I'll send a bullet into you.'

'We'll meet again,' says Giglio, shaking his fist in Bulbo's face; and seizing up the warming-pan, he kissed it, just because Betsinda had carried it, and rushed downstairs. What should he see on the landing but the King talking to Betsinda and calling her all sorts of pretty names. His Majesty had heard a noise, and smelling something burning had come out to see what the matter was.

'It's the young gentlemen smoking, perhaps, sir,' says Betsinda.

'Charming chambermaid,' says the King (like all the rest of them), 'never mind the

young men. Say thou wilt be mine and share my heart and throne. I can easily have the Queen beheaded.'

When Giglio heard these horrible words he forgot to be respectful to his royal uncle, but lifted up the warming-pan and knocked the King as flat as a pancake. After which Master Giglio took to his heels and ran away, and Betsinda went off screaming, and the Queen, Gruffanuff, and the Princess, all came out of their rooms. Fancy their feelings when they saw the King lying flat on the floor with the warming-pan on the top of him.

## CHAPTER IX

### HOW KING VALOROSO WAS IN A DREADFUL PASSION

As soon as the coals in the warming-pan began to burn him, the King came to himself and stood up.

‘Ho! my captain of the Guards!’ his Majesty exclaimed, stamping his royal feet with rage. Oh, what a sad sight! the King’s nose was bent quite crooked by the blow of Prince Giglio! His Majesty ground his teeth with rage.

‘Hedzoff,’ he said, taking a death-warrant out of his dressing-gown pocket, ‘Hedzoff, good Hedzoff, seize upon the Prince. You will find him in his room upstairs. He has just dared to strike the night-cap of a King and knock me down with a warming-pan. Away, do not hesitate, the villain dies! See it is done, or else—h’m!—ha!—h’m! mind thine own eyes.’ And lifting up the tails of his dressing-gown, the King entered his own apartment, followed by the ladies.

Captain Hedzoff was very sad, for he had a sincere love for Giglio. 'Poor, poor Giglio!' he said, the tears rolling over his manly face, 'my noble young Prince, is it my hand must lead thee to death?'

'Lead him to fiddlestick, Hedzoff,' said a female voice. It was Gruffanuff who had come out in her dressing-gown when she heard the noise. 'The King said you were to hang the Prince. Well, hang the Prince.'

'I don't understand you,' says Hedzoff, who was not a very clever man.

'You stupid! he didn't say which Prince,' says Gruffanuff.

'No, he didn't say which, certainly,' says Hedzoff.

'Well, then, take Bulbo and hang him.'

When Captain Hedzoff heard this, he began to dance about for joy. 'Obedience is a soldier's honour,' says he. 'Prince Bulbo's head will do capitally.' And he went to arrest the Prince the very first thing next morning.

He knocked at the door. 'Who's there?' says Bulbo. 'Captain Hedzoff? Step in, my good captain, I've been expecting you. You have come, of course, about that affair with Prince Giglio.'

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‘Just so,’ says Hedzoff, ‘that affair of Prince Giglio.’

‘Is it to be pistols or swords, captain?’ asked Bulbo. ‘I’m a pretty good hand with both, and I’ll put an end to Prince Giglio as sure as my name is my Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.’

‘There is some mistake, my lord,’ says the captain, ‘the business is done with axes among us, and by this warrant I am to take you prisoner and hand you over to—to the executioner.’

‘Pooh, pooh, my good man!—Stop, I say, —ho!—holloa!’ was all that this unfortunate Prince could say, for Hedzoff’s guards, seizing him, tied a handkerchief over his mouth and face and carried him off to be executed.

But we must now go back to Giglio and Betsinda.

## CHAPTER X

### WHAT GRUFFANUFF DID TO GIGLIO AND BETSINDA

Gruffanuff, who had seen what had happened to the King, and knew that Giglio must suffer, got up very early the next morning, and began to think of some plan for helping her darling Prince, as the silly old thing insisted on calling him. She found him walking up and down the garden, thinking of a rhyme for Betsinda (tinder and winda were all he could find), for he had forgotten all about the past evening, except that Betsinda was the most lovely of beings.

‘Well, dear Giglio,’ says Gruff.

‘Well, dear Gruffy,’ says Giglio, only he said it in fun.

‘I have been thinking, darling, what you must do in this scrape. You must leave the country for a while.’

‘What scrape?—leave the country? Never without her I love, Countess,’ says Giglio.



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'No, she will go with you, dear Prince,' she says in her most coaxing accents. 'First we must get the jewels belonging to your Royal parents, and those of the King and Queen. Here is the key. They are all yours, you know, by right. For you are the rightful King of Paflagonia, and your wife will be the rightful Queen.'

'Will she?' says Giglio.

'Yes, and when you have got the jewels, go to the room where the prime-minister sleeps, and under his bed you will find sacks filled with the money which was stolen from your royal father's room on the day that he died. With this we will fly.'

'We will fly?' says Giglio.

'Yes, you and your lovely bride—your lovely Gruffy,' says the Countess with a sweet smile.

'You my bride!' says Giglio, 'you ugly old woman!'

'Oh, you—you wretch! didn't you give me this paper promising to marry me?' cries Gruff.

'Get away, you old goose! I love Betsinda, and Betsinda only!' And, in a fit of terror he ran away from her as quickly as he could.

'He! he! he!' shrieks out Gruff, 'a

promise is a promise! And as for that ugly little vixen, that upstart Betsinda, Master Giglio won't be able to discover where she is so easily. He may look very long before finding her, I can tell him. He little knows that Miss Betsinda is——'

Is—what? Now you shall hear. Poor Betsinda got up at five on that winter's morning to bring her cruel mistress her tea, and, instead of finding her in a good humour, found Gruffy as cross as two sticks. The Countess boxed Betsinda's ears half a dozen times whilst she was dressing. But as poor little Betsinda was used to this kind of treatment, she did not feel any special alarm. 'And now,' says Gruffanuff, 'when her Majesty rings the bell twice, I'll trouble you, miss, to attend.'

So when the Queen's bell rang twice, Betsinda came to her Majesty and made a pretty little curtsy. The Queen, the Princess, and Gruffanuff were all three in the room. As soon as they saw her they began.

'You wretch!' says the Queen.

'You little vulgar thing!' says the Princess.

'You little horror!' says Gruffanuff.

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'Get out of my sight !' says the Queen.

'Go away with you, do !' says the Princess.

'Quit the premises !' says Gruffanuff.

Alas ! and woe is me ! very sad things had happened to Betsinda that morning, and all because of that warming-pan business of last night. The King had offered to marry her, so of course her Majesty the Queen was jealous. Bulbo had fallen in love with her, so of course Angelica was furious. Giglio was in love with her, and oh, what a fury Gruffy was in !

'Take off that cap and petticoat and gown I gave you,' they said, all at once, and began tearing the clothes off poor Betsinda.

'How dare you play with the King, and Prince Bulbo, and Prince Giglio ?' cried the Queen, the Princess, and Countess.

'Give her the rags she wore when she came into the house, and turn her out of it !' cries the Queen.

'Mind she does not go with my shoes on, which I lent her so kindly,' says the Princess.

'Come with me, you horrid little thing !' and taking up the Queen's poker, the cruel Gruffanuff drove Betsinda into her room.

The Countess went to the glass box in which she had kept Betsinda's old cloak and



Không hiểu được việc gì



shoe for ever so long, and said, 'Take those rags, you little beggar-maid, and strip off everything that belongs to us, and go about your business.' And she actually took away her warm clothes and told her to be off and out of the house.

Poor Betsinda huddled the cloak round her back. It was a very old cloak and was embroidered with the letters Prin . . . Rosal . . . and then came a great hole.

As for the shoe, what was she to do with one poor little tootsey sandal? The string was still on it, so she hung it round her neck.

'Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out in the snow, mum, if you please?' cried the poor child.

'No, you wicked monster!' says Gruffanuff, driving her along with the poker—driving her down the cold stairs—driving her through the cold hall—flinging her out into the cold street, so that even the knocker shed tears to see her!

But a kind fairy made the soft snow warm her little feet, and she wrapt herself up in the ermine of her mantle, and was gone!

'And now let us have breakfast,' says the greedy Queen.

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'What dress shall I put on, mamma, the pink or the pea-green?' says Angelica. 'Which do you think the dear Prince will like best?'

'My dear!' sings out the King from his dressing-room, 'let us have sausages for breakfast! Remember we have Prince Bulbo staying with us!'

And they all went to get ready.

Nine o'clock came, and they were all in the breakfast room, but Prince Bulbo did not come. The urn was hissing and humming, the muffins were smoking - such a heap of muffins! The eggs were done, there was a pot of raspberry jam, and coffee, and a beautiful chicken and tongue on the side table. Then the cook brought in the sausages. Oh, how nice they smelt!

'Where is Bulbo?' said the King. 'John, where is his Royal Highness?'

John said that he had taken up his shaving-water, and his clothes and things, and he wasn't in his room, and he s'posed his Royliness was just stepped out.

'Stepped out before breakfast in the snow! Impossible!' says the King, sticking his fork into a sausage. 'My dear, take one; Angelica, won't you have a sausage?' The

Princess took one, being very fond of them. And at this moment, the Prime Minister entered with Captain Hedzoff, both looking very much troubled.

‘I am afraid your Majesty——’ cries the Prime Minister.

‘No business before breakfast!’ says the King. ‘Breakfast first, business next. My dear, some more sugar!’

‘Sire, I am afraid if we wait till after breakfast it will be too late,’ says the Minister. ‘He—he he’ll be hanged at half-past nine.’

‘Don’t talk about hanging and spoil my breakfast, you unkind, vulgar man you,’ cries the Princess. ‘John, some mustard. Pray who is to be hanged?’

‘Sire, it is the Prince,’ whispers Hedzoff to the King.

‘Talk about business after breakfast, I tell you!’ says his Majesty, quite sulky.

‘We shall have a war, Sire, depend on it,’ says the Prime Minister, ‘His father, King Padella——’

‘His father, King who?’ says the King. ‘King Padella is not Giglio’s father. My brother, the late King, was Giglio’s father.’

‘It’s Prince Bulbo they are hanging, Sire, and not Prince Giglio,’ says the Minister.



'You told me to hang the Prince, and I took the ugly one,' says Hedzoff. 'I didn't, of course, think your Majesty intended to murder your own nephew.'

The King for answer dropped the whole plate of sausages with a crash. The Princess cried out, 'Hee—Karee—Karee!' and fell down in a fainting-fit.

'Turn the cock of the urn upon her Royal Highness,' says the King. And the boiling water gradually revived her. His Majesty looked at his watch, compared it by the clock in the parlour, and by that of the church in the square opposite. Then he wound it up, and then he looked at it again.

'The great question is,' says he, 'am I fast or am I slow? If I'm slow, we may as well go on with breakfast. If I'm fast, why there is just the chance of saving Prince Bulbo. It's a very awkward mistake, and upon my word, Hedzoff, I have the greatest mind to have you hanged too.'

'Sire, I did but my duty. A soldier has but his orders. I didn't expect after forty-seven years of faithful service that my sovereign would think of putting me to death.'

'Oh, bother all of you! Can't you see that

while you are talking, my Bulbo is being hung?' screamed the Princess.

'Dear me, she's always right, that girl, and I'm so absent,' says the King, looking at his watch again. 'Ha! there go the drums! What a very awkward thing though!'

'O papa, you goose! Write a reprieve, and let me run with it,' cries the Princess—and she got a sheet of paper, and pen and ink, and laid them before the King.

'Bother it! where are my spectacles?' the King cried. 'Angelica! go up into my bedroom, look under my pillow, and there you'll see my keys. Bring them down to me and—Well, well, what a hurry girls are always in!' Angelica was gone, and had run up panting to the bedroom and found the keys, and was back again before the King had finished a muffin.

'Now, my love,' says he, 'you must go all the way back for my desk, in which my spectacles are. If you would but have heard me out . . . Bother her! there she is off again. Angelica! ANGELICA!' When his Majesty called in his loud voice, she knew she must obey, and came back.

'My dear, when you go out of a room, how often have I told you, shut the door.

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That's a darling. That's all.' At last the keys and the desk and the spectacles were got, and the King mended his pen, and signed his name to a reprieve, and Angelica ran with it, as swift as the wind.

'You'd better stay, my love, and finish the muffins. There's no use going. Be sure it's too late. Hand me over that raspberry jam, please,' said the King. 'Bang! Bawong! There goes the half-hour. I knew it was.'

Angelica ran, and ran, and ran. She ran up Fore Street, and down High Street, and through the Market-place, and down to the left, and over the bridge, and up the Blind Alley and back again. Then she went round by the Castle, and along by the grocers' shops on the right, opposite the lamp-post, and round the square, and she came—she came to the Execution Place, where she saw Bulbo laying his head on the block!!!

The executioner raised his axe, but at that moment Angelica came panting up, and cried, 'Reprieve!' 'Reprieve!' shouted all the people. Up the scaffold stairs she sprang, and flinging herself in Bulbo's arms, she cried out, 'Oh my Prince! my lord! my love! my Bulbo! Thy Angelica has been in time to save thy precious life, sweet rosebud. Had

ought befallen thee, Angelica too would have died, and welcomed death that joined her to her Bulbo.'

'H'm! there's no accounting for tastes,' said Bulbo, looking so very much puzzled and uncomfortable, that the Princess in a tender voice asked him what was the matter.

'I tell you what it is, Angelica,' said he, 'since I came here yesterday there has been such quarrelling, and fighting, and chopping of heads off, that I am inclined to go back to Crim Tartary.'

'But with me as thy bride, my Bulbo!'

'Well, well, I suppose we must be married,' says Bulbo. 'What must be, must. It will satisfy you. But in the name of peace and quietness do let us go back to breakfast.'

Bulbo had carried a rose in his mouth all this time. It was the fairy rose, and he was told by his mother that he ought never to part with it. So he kept it between his teeth, even when he laid his poor head on the block, hoping that some chance would still turn up in his favour. As he began to speak to Angelica, he forgot about the rose, and of course it dropped out of his mouth.

The romantic Princess instantly stooped and seized it.

'Sweet rose,' she exclaimed, 'that fell from my Bulbo's lips, never, never will I part from thee,' and she placed it in her bosom.

And you know Bulbo, being polite, couldn't ask her to give the rose back again. And they went to breakfast. But as they walked, it seemed to Bulbo that Angelica became more exquisitely lovely every moment.

He was in a great hurry to be married; but now, strange to say, it was Angelica who didn't care about him! He knelt down and kissed her hand, he prayed and begged, he cried with admiration. She, for her part, said she really thought they might wait. It seemed to her he was not handsome any more—no, not at all, quite the opposite; and not clever, no, very stupid; and not well-bred, like Giglio, no, on the contrary, dreadfully vul—

What, I cannot say, for the King roared out, 'Pooh! stuff!' in a terrible voice. 'We will have no more of this silliness! Call the Archbishop, and let the Prince and Princess be married at once.'

So, married they were, and I am sure, for my part, I trust they will be happy.

## CHAPTER XI

### HOW BETSINDA FLED, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER

Betsinda wandered on and on till she passed through the town gates, and so on the great Crim Tartary road, the very way on which Giglio too was going. 'Ah!' thought she, as the coach passed her and the conductor blew a delightful tune on his horn, 'how I should like to be on that coach!' But she little knew who was in it, though very likely she was thinking of him all the time.

Then came an empty cart, returning from market, and the driver, being a kind man, and seeing such a very pretty girl trudging along the road with bare feet, most good-naturedly gave her a seat. He said he lived close to the forest, where his old father was a woodman, and, if she liked, he would take her so far on her road. All roads were the

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same to little Betsinda, so she very thankfully took this one.

And the carter put a rug round her bare feet, and gave her some bread and cold bacon, and was very kind to her. But in spite of all that, she was very cold and sad. After travelling on and on, evening came, and all the black pines were bending with snow, and there at last was the comfortable light shining in the woodman's window. So they arrived, and went into his cottage.

The woodman was an old man, and had a number of children, who were just at supper, with nice hot bread and milk, when their elder brother arrived with the cart, and they jumped and clapped their hands, for they were good children, and he had brought them toys from the town. And when they saw the pretty stranger, they ran to her, and brought her to the fire, and rubbed her poor little feet, and brought her bread and milk.

'Look, father!' they said to the old woodman, 'look at this poor girl, and see what pretty cold feet she has. They are as white as our milk! And look and see what an odd cloak she has, just like the bit of velvet that hangs up in our cupboard, which you

found that day the little cubs were killed by King Padella in the forest! And look, why bless us all! she has got round her neck a little shoe exactly like the one you brought home and have shown us so often—a little blue velvet shoe!’

‘What,’ said the old woodman, ‘what is all this about a shoe and a cloak?’

And Betsinda explained that she had been left, when quite a little child, at the town with this cloak and shoe. And the persons who had taken care of her were now very angry with her, for no fault, she hoped, of her own, and they had sent her away with her old clothes, and here she was. She remembered having been in a forest, and having lived in a cave with lions there—but perhaps it was a dream: it was so very odd and strange. And before that she remembered having lived in a very, very fine house, as fine as the King’s, in the town.

When the woodman heard this, he was so astonished, it was quite curious to see how astonished he was. He went to the cupboard and took out the shoe and piece of velvet which he had kept so long, and compared them with the things which Betsinda wore. In Betsinda’s little shoe



was written, 'Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family'; so in the other shoe was written 'Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family.' In the inside of Betsinda's piece of cloak was embroidered, 'PRIN ROSAL' and in the other piece of cloak was embroidered 'CESS BA.' So that when put together you read, PRINCESS ROSALBA.

On seeing this, the dear old woodman fell down on his knee, saying, 'O my Princess, O my gracious royal lady, O my rightful Queen of Crim Tartary—I hail thee—I do thee homage!' And in token of his loyalty, he rubbed his nose three times on the ground, and put the Princess's foot on his head.

'Why,' said she, 'my good woodman, you must be a nobleman of my royal father's court!' For in her lowly retreat and under the name of Betsinda, her Majesty Rosalba, Queen of Crim Tartary, had read of the customs of all foreign courts and nations.

'Indeed I am, my gracious Queen. I was once a lord, but have been a humble woodman for fifteen years, ever since the tyrant Padella (may ruin overtake the treacherous knave!) dismissed me from Court.'

'I restore your title to you! I make you

a Knight of the Order of the Pumpkin! Rise, Sir Marquis!’ And with great majesty, the Queen, who had no sword handy, waved the pewter-spoon with which she had been taking her bread-and-milk, over the bald head of the old nobleman. And all the dear children went to bed lords and ladies that night!

The old Marquis told her that the whole country hated King Padella and would gladly welcome her as its rightful sovereign. And, late as it was, he sent his children, who knew the forest well, hither and thither to call together all the noblemen who remained faithful to Rosalba.

They were very old gentlemen, for the most part, but they all fell in love with Rosalba the moment they saw her. So, to prevent this, her Majesty was obliged to wear a veil.

She went about, after this, from one nobleman’s castle to another, and they all talked a great deal, and made many plans, so that in about a year they were ready to move.

Rosalba’s army was, in truth, made up of very feeble old men, and all they did was to go about the country waving their swords and flags and calling, ‘God save the Queen.’

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And as King Padella was away just then, they had their own way for a little. To be sure the people all cheered when they saw the Queen, but otherwise they took it very quietly, for they said it didn't make much difference to them who was King or Queen, for the taxes were always the same.





## CHAPTER XII

### HOW ROSALBA CAME TO THE CASTLE OF THE BOLD COUNT

Her Majesty having nothing else to give, made all her followers Knights and Marquises and Earls. And they had a little Court for her, and made her a little crown of gilt paper, and a robe of cotton velvet. But they quarrelled all the time about the places to be given away in her Court—you can't think how they quarrelled. The poor Queen was very tired of her honours before she had had them a month, and I dare say she longed sometimes to be a lady's-maid again. But we must all do our duty, and so the Queen made up her mind to do hers.

We have said how King Padella happened to be away, so that none of his troops came out to stop this army of the rightful Queen. It marched slowly through the country and at length came to the castle of one of the most powerful noblemen of all that land.

When they came close to his gates, this nobleman sent to say he would wait upon her Majesty. He was a most powerful warrior, and it took two strong negroes to carry his helmet. He knelt down before her and said, 'Madam and liege lady! it is right that a great noble should show every outward sign of respect to the wearer of the Crown, whoever that may be. I kneel to you.'

Rosalba said it was very kind of him. But she felt afraid of him, even while he was kneeling, for his eyes scowled at her from between his whiskers, which grew up to them.

'The first Count of the Empire, madam,' he went on, 'salutes the Queen! Madam, my hand is free and I offer it, and my heart and my sword to your service! My three wives are all dead, and this heart pines for another. Say you will be mine, and I will promise to cut off the head of King Padella and the nose of his son Prince Bulbo, and the crown shall be ours. Say yes, for the Bold Count can never be denied. I see consent in your Majesty's lovely eyes—their glances fill my soul with rapture!'

'Oh, sir!' Rosalba said in a great fright, 'your lordship is very kind, but I am sorry

to tell you that I am engaged to a young gentleman by the name of Prince Giglio, and never—never can marry any one but him.'

Who can describe the Bold Count's rage at this remark? Rising from his knees he ground his teeth so that fire flashed out of his mouth. 'R-r-r-r—Rejected! The Bold Count rejected! All the world shall hear of my rage, and you, madam, above all shall suffer for it.' And kicking the two negroes before him, he rushed away, his whiskers streaming in the wind.

Her Majesty's army was in a dreadful fright when they saw the Count come out in such a towering rage. They marched off very sadly, and in half an hour they were met by the cruel nobleman with a few of his followers, who whacked and banged and pommelled them, took the Queen prisoner, and drove the entire army to I don't know where.

Poor Queen! The Bold Count would not even condescend to look at her. 'Get a horse-van,' he said to his grooms, 'clap the girl into it, and send her with my compliments to his Majesty King Padella.'

So the poor Queen was laid in the straw like Margery Daw, and driven along in the



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dark ever so many miles to the Court, where King Padella had now arrived. And there she was thrust into a dungeon.

It was a dreadful dungeon in which Rosalba was placed—a most awful black hole, full of bats, rats, mice, toads, frogs, serpents, and every kind of horror. No light was let into it, otherwise the gaolers might have seen her and fallen in love with her. Only an owl that lived up in the roof of the tower could see her, and he fell in love with her at once, and so did a cat, who, you know, can see in the dark, and having set its green eyes on Rosalba never would go back to the turnkey's wife to whom it belonged. And the toads in the dungeon came and kissed her feet, and the vipers wound round her neck and arms and never hurt her, so charming was this poor Princess in the midst of her misfortunes.

At last, after she had been kept in this place ever so long, the door of the dungeon opened, and the terrible King Padella came in.

But what he said and did must be kept for another chapter, as we must now go back to Prince Giglio.

## CHAPTER XIII

### WHAT BECAME OF GIGLIO

The idea of marrying such an old creature as Gruffanuff frightened Prince Giglio so much, that he ran up to his room, packed his trunks, fetched a couple of porters, and was off to the coach office in a twinkling.

It was well he was so quick and took the early coach, for, as soon as the mistake about Prince Bulbo was found out, the King sent up two policemen to Prince Giglio's room with orders that he should be carried to prison and his head taken off before twelve o'clock. But long before twelve o'clock the coach was far away out of reach of pursuit.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio, who gave his name as simple Mr. Giles, was very glad to get an inside seat on the coach. At the first stage, as they stopped to change horses, there came up to the coach a very common-

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looking woman, with a bag under her arm, who asked for a place. All the inside places were taken, and the young woman was told that she must go upon the roof. And a passenger inside with Giglio (a very rude person, I should think) put his head out of the window, and said, 'Nice weather for travelling outside! I wish you a pleasant journey, my dear.' The poor woman coughed very much, and Giglio pitied her. 'I will give up my place to her,' says he; 'rather than she should travel in the cold air with that horrid cough.'

Then he sprang gaily on to the roof of the coach and made himself quite comfortable there. The vulgar traveller got down at the next station, and Giglio took his place again, and began to talk to the woman. She seemed to be a very pleasant, kind person, and they travelled together until night. She gave Giglio all sorts of things out of the bag which she carried, and which indeed seemed to be filled with the most wonderful things. He was thirsty—out there came a bottle of pale ale and a silver mug! Hungry—she took out a cold fowl, some slices of ham, bread, salt, and a most delicious piece of cold plum-pudding.

As they travelled, this plain-looking, queer woman talked to Giglio of a great many things, which poor Giglio knew very little about. He owned, with many blushes, how ignorant he was, and the lady said, 'My dear Gigl—my good Mr. Giles, you are a young man, and have plenty of time before you. You must improve yourself and prepare for the time when you may be wanted at home.'

'Dear me, madam!' says he, 'do you know me?'

'I know a number of funny things,' says the lady. 'I have been at some people's christenings, and turned away from other folk's doors. I have seen some people spoilt by good fortune, and others I hope improved by hardships. I advise you to stay at the town where the coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend to whom you were kind.'

'And who is my old friend?' asked Giglio.

'When you want anything,' says the lady, 'look in this bag, which I leave to you as a present, and be grateful to——'

'To whom, madam?' says he.

'To the Fairy Blackstick,' says the lady, flying out of the window.

And Giglio thought he had been dreaming,

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'To whom, madam?' says he.

'To the Fairy Blackstick,' says the lady, flying out of the window.

And Giglio thought he had been dreaming,



but there was the bag which Blackstick had given him lying on his lap. And when he came to the town he took it in his hand and went into the inn.

They gave him a very bad bed-room, and Giglio, when he awoke in the morning, fancying himself in the Royal Palace at home, called, 'John, Charles, Thomas! my chocolate—my dressing-gown—my slippers.' But nobody came. There was no bell, so he went and bawled out for the waiter on the top of the stairs.

The landlady came up, as cross as two sticks. 'What are you shouting for here, young man?' says she.

'There's no warm water—no servants, my boots are not even cleaned.'

'He, he! Clean 'em yourself,' says the landlady. 'You young students give yourselves pretty airs. I never heard such impudence.'

'I'll leave the house this instant,' says Giglio.

'The sooner the better, young man. Pay your bill and be off.'

'You may well keep the Bear Inn,' said Giglio. 'You should have yourself painted as the sign.'

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The landlady of the Bear went away growling. And Giglio returned to his room, where the first thing he saw was the fairy bag lying on the table, which seemed to give a little hop as he came in. 'I hope it has some breakfast in it,' says Giglio, 'for I have only a very little money left.'

But when he opened the bag what do you think was there? A blacking-brush, and a pot of blacking, and on the pot was written—

'Poor young men their boots must black :  
Use me, and cork me and put me back.'

So Giglio laughed and blacked his boots, and put the brush and the bottle into the bag.

When he had done dressing himself, the bag gave another little hop, and he went to it and took out—

A table-cloth and a napkin.

A sugar-basin full of the best loaf-sugar.

Two forks, two teaspoons, two knives,  
and a pair of sugar-tongs, and a butter  
knife, all marked G.

A tea-cup and saucer.

A jug of delicious cream.

A canister of tea.

A large tea-urn and boiling water.

Three eggs nicely boiled.

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A quarter of a pound of best butter.

A brown loaf.

And if he hadn't enough now for a good breakfast, I should like to know who ever had one?

Giglio, having had his breakfast, popped all his things back into his bag, and went out to look for lodgings.

He took some modest rooms opposite the schools, paid his bill at the inn, and went to his new lodgings with his trunk, carpet-bag, and not forgetting, we may be sure, his other bag.

When he opened his trunk, which the day before he had filled with his best clothes, he found it had only books in it. And in the first of them which he opened, there was written—

‘Clothes for the back, books for the head :

Read and remember them when they are read.

And in his bag, when Giglio looked in it, he found a student's cap and gown, a writing-book full of paper, an inkstand, pens, and a dictionary, which was very useful to him, as his spelling had been sadly neglected.

So he sat down and worked away very, very hard for a whole year, and was quite an

example to all the students in the University, and after the examinations he took all the prizes:—

The spelling prize,	The French prize,
The writing prize,	The arithmetic prize,
The history prize,	The Latin prize,
The Catechism prize,	The good-conduct prize.

And all his fellow-students cried, ‘Hurray for Giles! Giles is the boy—the students’ joy.’

One day, soon after this, when he was amusing himself at a coffee-house with two friends (did I tell you that in his bag, every Saturday night, he found just enough money to pay his bills, with a guinea over for pocket-money? Didn’t I tell you? Well, he did, as sure as twice twenty makes forty-five), he happened to look at the newspaper, and read off quite easily (for he could spell, and read and write the longest words now) what follows. ‘Romantic Story. One of the strangest adventures we have ever heard of has caused great excitement in the Country of Crim Tartary.’ And then the paper went on to tell the whole story of Betsinda, and how she was now Rosalba, Queen of Crim Tartary.

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'What a strange story!' said Giglio's two friends.

'Ha! what is this?' Giglio went on reading—'Second edition—We hear that the army of the Princess Rosalba has been cut to pieces, and she herself sent a prisoner to King Padella.'

'Come home with me,' says Giglio, very much troubled; 'come home with me, my friends, I have something to tell you which will astonish you. Disguise is henceforth useless, I am no more the humble student Giles, I am Giglio, Prince of Paflagonia.'

The Prince and his young friends hastened home to his lodgings, highly excited by the news, and they ran up to his room, where he had worked so hard at his books.

On his writing-table was his bag, grown so big that the Prince could not help noticing it. He went to it, opened it, and what do you think he found in it?

A splendid, long, gold-handled sword, with a red velvet sheath on which was embroidered 'Rosalba for ever!'

He drew out the sword which flashed and lighted up the whole room, and called out, 'Rosalba for ever!' The two friends repeated the same words but very respect-

fully, since they knew that Giles was a prince.

And now his trunk opened with a sudden pong, and out there came three ostrich feathers in a gold crown set on a shining steel helmet, and a complete suit of armour.

The books on Giglio's shelves were all gone. Instead, Giglio's friends found two suits of armour, swords, helmets, and everything that they needed. And that very evening three horsemen might have been seen riding out of the gates, whom no one would ever have known as the young Prince and his friends.

They rode on and never drew bridle until they reached the last town before you come to Crim Tartary. There, as their horses were tired, and they were hungry, they stopped to refresh themselves at an inn. As they were drinking their ale and eating their bread and cheese on the balcony of the inn, they heard the noise of drums and trumpets sounding nearer and nearer. The market-place began to be filled with soldiers, and his Royal Highness looking out, recognised the banners of Paflagonia, his own kingdom, and heard his own national anthem which the bands were playing.

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The troops all made for the inn at once, and as they came up, Giglio, when he saw their leader, cried out, 'Whom do I see? Yes! No! It is! No, it can't be! Yes! It is my friend, my faithful Captain Hedzoff! Ho! Hedzoff! Knowest thou not thy Prince, thy Giglio? Tell me what means this mighty army, and whither are you marching?'

Hedzoff's head fell. 'My lord,' he said, 'we march to help the great Padella, King of Crim Tartary, and also (though alack that I should say it!) to seize on the body of Giglio, once Prince of Paflagonia. My Prince, give up your sword, look! we are thirty thousand men to one!'

'Give up my sword! Giglio give up his sword!' cried the Prince, and stepping forth on the balcony, the royal youth began a speech to the army, so magnificent that no report can do justice to it. It lasted for three days and three nights, and no one was tired or noticed if it was daylight or dark. He told them what had really happened before he left the Court and how he now meant to take his rightful crown, and, at the end of the speech, Captain Hedzoff flung up his helmet and cried, 'Hurray! hurray! Long live King Giglio!'







This was the result, you see, of having studied so well at college.

When the excitement was over, Hedzoff told the Prince, with some alarm, that this was only part of the army, and that the other half was now marching forward led by his Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.

'We will wait here, good friend, to beat the Prince,' Giglio said, 'and then we will punish his royal father, King Padella.'

## CHAPTER XIV

### WE RETURN TO ROSALBA

King Padella, like all other Princes, fell immediately in love with Rosalba. He offered to marry his fair captive that instant, but she declined his invitation in her usual polite, gentle manner, saying that she loved Prince Giglio and would marry no one but him. Having tried tears and prayers in vain, this violent-tempered King tried to frighten her with threats of torture, and bade her prepare for death on the following morning.

All night long the King spent in trying to think which would be the best way of getting rid of this troublesome young lady. Cutting off her head was much too easy a death for her, and hanging was too common. At last he remembered a pair of fierce lions which had lately been sent to him as presents, and he made up his mind that these savage

animals should hunt poor Rosalba down. The two lions were kept in a cage in a circus near the palace, their roaring might be heard over the whole city, and I am sorry to say that all the people crowded in great numbers to see a poor young lady gobbled up by two wild beasts.

The King took his place in the royal box with the officers of the Court around him, and the Bold Count by his side, waiting to see how Rosalba would act when the lions were let loose.

At length, that Princess was brought out, dressed in white, with all her beautiful hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the keepers of the wild animals wept when they saw her. And all around were the Court and the people in boxes, with bars before them, for fear of the great, fierce, red-maned, black-throated, long-tailed, roaring, bellowing, rushing lions.

And now the gates were opened, and with a wurra-wurrawarar two great, lean, hungry lions rushed out of their den, where they had been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast and water, and dashed straight up to the place where poor Rosalba was waiting.

There was a hum and a buzz all through

the circus, and the fierce King Padella even felt a little sorry. But the Bold Count roared out 'Hurray! Now for it! Soo-ooo-ooo!' that nobleman being still very angry with Rosalba for refusing to marry him.

But oh, what a strange thing happened! I am sure none of you could possibly guess! When the lions came to Rosalba, instead of tearing her to pieces with their great teeth, it was with kisses they nearly gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet, they nuzzled their noses in her lap, they moo'd, they seemed to say, 'Dear, dear sister, don't you remember your brothers in the forest?' and she put her pretty white arms round their tawny necks, and kissed them.

King Padella was very much astonished, but the Bold Count was very much disgusted.

'Pooh!' the Count cried. 'These lions are tame beasts, I believe they are not lions at all, but little boys dressed up in doormats!'

'Ha!' said the King, 'how dare you say "pooh" to me? These lions are no lions at all, aren't they? Ho! my guards! Take this Count and fling him into the circus and let him fight these lions.'

The Bold Count laid down his opera-glass and scowled at the King. 'Touch me not,

dogs!' he said. 'Your Majesty thinks I am afraid? No, not of a thousand lions!' and opening a grating of the box, he jumped lightly down into the circus.

Wurra wurra wur-aw-aw-aw !!!

In about two minutes

The Bold Count was

GOBBLED UP

by

those lions,

bones, boots and all,

and

there was an

end of him.

At this the King said, 'Serve him right! And now as those lions won't eat that young woman——'

'Let her off!— let her off!' cried the crowd.

'No!' roared the King. 'Let the guards go down and chop her into small pieces. If the lions defend her let them be shot. She shall die in tortures!'

'A—a—ah!' cried the crowd, 'Shame! shame!'

'Who dares cry shame?' cried the furious King. 'Fling any one who says a word down among the lions!'

You may be sure there was silence after

that, which was broken by a pang-arang-pang, and a knight and a herald rode into the circus, the knight bearing a letter on the point of his lance.

‘Ha!’ exclaimed the King, ‘it is the herald of the King of Paflagonia, and the knight is the gallant Captain Hedzoff! What news from Paflagonia, gallant Hedzoff?’

Reining up his charger in a most elegant manner close under the King’s balcony, Hedzoff turned to the herald and bade him deliver his message.

The herald, dropping his trumpet over his shoulder, took a large sheet of paper out of his hat, and began to read:—

O yes! O yes! O yes! Know all men, that we, Giglio, King of Paflagonia, having taken our rightful throne and title, for a long time falsely borne by our Uncle, calling himself King of Paflagonia—

‘Ha!’ growled Padella.

‘Hereby summon the false traitor, Padella, calling himself King of Crim Tartary, to release the rightful sovereign, Rosalba, Queen of Crim Tartary, and restore her to her royal throne. And if this be not done immediately, I, Giglio, proclaim the said Padella to be a sneak and a coward, and I will meet him

with battle-axe or sword, and will prove my words over his wicked, ugly body.'

'God save the King,' said Hedzoff.

'Is that all?' said Padella in a terrific fury.

'That, sir, is all my royal master's message,' said Hedzoff, waving his lance.

'And what says Valoroso, my dear son's father-in-law, to this rubbish?' asked the King.

'He is now in prison, awaiting the sentence of my royal master,' said Hedzoff gravely. 'The whole of his army came over to our side, with the exception of Prince Bulbo.'

'Ah! my boy, my boy, my Bulbo was no traitor!' cried Padella.

'Prince Bulbo, far from coming over to us, ran away, sir, but I caught him. The Prince is a prisoner in our army, and the most terrific tortures await him if a hair of the Princess Rosalba's head is injured.'

'Do they?' exclaimed the furious Padella, who was now perfectly purple with rage. 'Do they indeed? So much the worse for Bulbo. I've twenty sons as lovely each as Bulbo. Dear as Bulbo is to me—ha—ha! revenge is dearer still, and you may torture him as you will. Ho! torturers—light up the fires, get lots of boiling lead!—Bring out Rosalba!'



## CHAPTER XV

### HOW HEDZOFF RODE BACK AGAIN TO KING GIGLIO

Captain Hedzoff rode away when King Padella gave this cruel command. Of course he was very sorry for Rosalba, but what could he do?

So he returned to King Giglio's camp, and found him smoking cigars in the royal tent. His Majesty was very much troubled by the news which Hedzoff brought.

'The ruthless ruffian royal wretch!' Giglio exclaimed. 'And didst thou give my royal message?'

'I did indeed, my liege,' answered Hedzoff. 'I told him that Prince Bulbo would be put to death if the Princess was harmed. He only said he had twenty sons as good as Bulbo.'

'O cruel father—O unhappy son!' cried the King. 'Go, some of you, and bring Prince Bulbo hither.'

Bulbo was brought in chains, looking very uncomfortable.

'Oh! my poor Bulbo,' said his Majesty, 'hast thou heard the news? Thy cruel father has killed Rosalba!'

'What, killed Betsinda! Boo-hoo-hoo,' cried out Bulbo. 'Pretty Betsinda, dear Betsinda! She was the dearest girl in the world!' And his sorrow was so real that the King was quite touched by it.

And now think what must have been the feelings of the kindest of Kings when he had to tell Prince Bulbo that in consequence of his father's cruel behaviour to Rosalba, he must be instantly executed! The noble Giglio could not help shedding tears, nor could Bulbo himself when the matter was explained to him.

He was told that the execution would take place at eight o'clock next morning, and he was taken back to his dungeon, where every attention was paid to him. The cook brought him dishes which he once used to like, but he wouldn't touch them. He sat down and began writing a good-bye letter to Angelica, as the clock kept always ticking and the hands drawing nearer to next morning. He got up on the top

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of a hat-box, on the top of a chair, on the top of his bed, and looked out to see whether he might escape, as the clock kept always ticking and the hands drawing nearer, and nearer and nearer.

But looking out of the window was one thing, and jumping another. And the town clock struck seven. So he got into bed for a little sleep, but the gaoler came and woke him, and said, 'Get up, your Royal Highness, if you please, it's ten minutes to eight!'

So poor Bulbo got up (he had gone to bed with his clothes on, the lazy boy), and he shook himself and said he didn't mind about dressing or having any breakfast, thank you.

'Lead on,' he said to the soldiers who had come for him, and they led on into the courtyard and out into the square. There King Giglio had come to bid him farewell, and his Majesty most kindly shook hands with him. The gloomy procession marched on—when hark!

Haw wurraw—wurraw—aworr!

A roar of wild beasts was heard. And who should some riding into the town, frightening away the boys and even the policeman, but ROSALBA!





## HOW HEDZOFF RODE BACK 97

The fact is that while Captain Hedzoff had been talking to King Padella, the lions had made a dash at the open gate, and gobbled up the six guards in a jiffy. Then away they went with Rosalba on the back of one of them, and they carried her turn and turn about, till they came to the city where Prince Giglio and his army were encamped.

When King Giglio heard of his Queen's arrival you may think how he rushed out of his breakfast-room to hand her Majesty off her lion. The lions were grown as fat as pigs now, having eaten up the Bold Count and all those guards, and they were so tame anybody might pat them.

While Giglio knelt (most gracefully) and helped the Princess, Bulbo, for his part, rushed up and kissed one of the lions. He flung his arms round its neck, and hugged it and laughed and cried for joy. 'Oh you darling old beast, oh, how glad I am to see you, and the dear, dear Bets—I mean Rosalba.'

'What! is it you, poor Bulbo?' said the Queen. 'Oh how delighted I am to see you,' and she gave him her hand to kiss. King Giglio slapped him most kindly on the back,

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and said, 'Bulbo, my boy, I am delighted, for your sake, that her Majesty has arrived.'

'So am I,' said Bulbo, 'and you know why!'

Captain Hedzoff here came up. 'Sire, it is half-past eight. Shall we proceed with the execution?'

'Execution! what for?' asked Bulbo.

'An officer only knows his orders,' replied Captain Hedzoff. But his Majesty King Giglio smiled and said, 'Prince Bulbo is reprieved this time,' and most graciously invited him to breakfast.

## CHAPTER XVI

### HOW A GREAT BATTLE TOOK PLACE, AND WHO WON IT

As soon as King Padella heard, what we know already, that Rosalba had escaped, his fury was tremendous, and he ordered out his whole army and set forth at its head, with, I should think, twenty thousand drummers, trumpeters, and pipers.

King Giglio's army, you may be sure, knew what the enemy was doing, and Giglio was not at all frightened. He was much too polite to alarm the Princess, his lovely guest; on the contrary, he did everything to amuse her. He gave her a most elegant breakfast, dinner, lunch, and got up a ball for her that evening when he danced with her every single dance.

Poor Bulbo was taken into favour again, and allowed to go quite free now. He had new clothes given him, was called, 'My good



cousin,' by his Majesty, and was treated with the greatest respect by everybody. But it was easy to see he was very sad. The fact is, the sight of Betsinda, who looked perfectly lovely in an elegant new dress, made him discontented when he thought of Angelica, now Princess Bulbo, whom he had left at home, and who, as we know, did not care much about him.

The King, dancing the twenty-fifth polka with Rosalba, noticed the ring which she wore, and she told him how she had got it from Gruffanuff, who no doubt had picked it up when Angelica flung it away.

'Yes,' said Fairy Blackstick, who had come to see the young people, 'that ring I gave to Giglio's mother. It is enchanted, and whoever wears it looks beautiful in the eyes of the world. I gave poor Prince Bulbo, when he was christened, a magic rose, which made him look handsome while he had it. But he gave it to Angelica, who instantly looked beautiful again, while Bulbo became extremely plain.'

'Rosalba needs no ring, I am sure,' says Giglio, with a low bow. 'She is beautiful enough, in my eyes, without any magic ring.'

‘Oh, sir!’ said Rosalba.

‘Take off the ring and try,’ said the King, and drew the ring off her finger. In his eyes she looked just as beautiful as before.

The King was thinking of throwing the ring away, as it was so dangerous, but being a good-humoured Prince, he called to a poor youth who happened to be watching them sadly, and said: ‘Bulbo, my poor lad! come and try on this ring. The Princess Rosalba wishes to give it to you.’

The magic charm of the ring was very strong indeed, for no sooner had Bulbo put it on, but, lo and behold, he seemed quite a nice-looking young Prince. He had a fine complexion and fair hair, and although he was rather stout, and with bandy legs, he had on such a beautiful pair of yellow morocco boots that nobody noticed that his legs were not quite straight, and Bulbo became quite light-hearted after he had looked in the glass, and he talked to their Majesties in a most lively manner, and danced opposite the Queen with one of the prettiest maids of honour, and after looking at Rosalba he could not help saying: ‘How very odd! she is very pretty, but really not so exquisitely beautiful.’

scampered, I promise you somebody else galloped faster, and that person, as no doubt you have guessed, was the royal Giglio, who kept shouting out, 'Stay, traitor! Turn, coward, and defend thyself!' And with his fairy sword, which stretched out as far as he wished, his Majesty kept poking and prodding Padella in the back, until that wicked monarch roared with pain.

When he was fairly brought to bay, Padella turned and gave Prince Giglio a tremendous crack over the helmet with his battle-axe. But, bless you! the blow did no more harm than if Padella had struck him with a pat of butter. His battle-axe only crumpled up in Padella's hand, and the royal Giglio laughed at the vain attempt to harm him.

This made the Crim Tartar monarch very angry. 'If,' says he to Giglio, 'you ride a fairy horse, and wear fairy armour, what on earth is the use of my hitting you? I may as well give myself up a prisoner at once.'

'Do you yield yourself a prisoner, Padella?' says Giglio.

'Of course I do,' says Padella.

'Will you give up the crown and all your treasures to Rosalba, your rightful mistress and Queen?'

'If I must, I must,' says Padella, who was naturally very sulky.

By this time some of King Giglio's men had come up, and his Majesty ordered them to bind the prisoner. And they tied his hands behind him, and bound his legs tight under the horse, having set him with his face to the tail. And in this way he was led back and thrust into the very dungeon where young Bulbo had been confined.

Padella now asked to see his son—his dear eldest boy—his darling Bulbo. And that good-natured young man forgave his father all the unkindness of the day before, when he would have left Bulbo to be shot without any pity, and came at once and spoke to him through the grating of the door. He was not allowed to go in any further, but he handed him some sandwiches from the grand supper which his Majesty was giving upstairs, in honour of the great victory.

'I cannot stay with you long, sir,' says Bulbo, who was in his best ball dress, as he handed his father in the sandwiches, 'I am engaged to dance the next quadrille with her Majesty Queen Rosalba, and I hear the fiddles playing at this very moment.'

So Bulbo went back to the ball-room, and poor Padella ate his supper alone, in silence and tears.

All was now joy at King Giglio's Court, dancing, feasting, fun and merry-makings. The people through whose villages they passed scattered flowers on the roads, and cheered King Giglio and Queen Rosalba as they rode along side by side. It was agreed they should be married as soon as they reached home, and orders were sent to the Archbishop of Paflagonia to be ready to marry them at once. Duke Hedzoff carried the message and gave orders that the Royal Castle should be splendidly refurnished and painted afresh. He also seized the old King Valoroso, Angelica's father, and put him into prison. So the two wicked Kings, Padella and Valoroso, were kept in prison for a year, and were afterwards obliged to become monks - men who ate very little and worked very hard, and whose duty was to flog each other so that they might learn to be sorry for their past sins.

## CHAPTER XVII

### HOW THEY ALL WENT BACK TO PAFLAGONIA

The Fairy Blackstick would often come to pay the young King and Queen a visit as they rode back to Paflagonia. She would change her wand into a pony and ride by their Majesties' side, giving them good advice. I am afraid Giglio thought her advice rather a bore, and gave himself airs towards his best friend. She told him he must be kind to his people, never break his promise when he had once given it, and in fact be in all respects a good King.

'A good King, my dear Fairy!' cried Rosalba. 'Of course he will. Break his promise! Can you fancy my Giglio would ever do that? No! never!' And she looked fondly at Giglio, whom she thought quite perfect.

'Why is Fairy Blackstick always telling me how to behave, and warning me to keep

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my word? Does she suppose I am not a man of sense and a man of honour?' asked Giglio crossly. 'She takes too much upon herself.'

'Hush! dear Giglio,' says Rosalba. 'You know Blackstick has been very kind to us, and we must not offend her.' But the Fairy was not listening to Giglio's pettish remarks. She had fallen back and was trotting on her pony now by Master Bulbo's side, who rode a donkey and made himself beloved by all the army for his kindness and good-humour.

When the Royal party arrived at the last stage before you reach Paflagonia, who should be waiting in her carriage there but the Princess Angelica! She rushed into her husband's arms, scarcely stopping to make a curtsy to the King and Queen. She had no eyes for any one but Bulbo, who seemed perfectly lovely to her, on account of the fairy ring which he wore, whilst she herself, wearing the magic rose in her bonnet, seemed exquisitely beautiful to the happy Bulbo.

A splendid luncheon was served to the Royal party, and all Giglio's friends were there. The Fairy Blackstick was seated on the left of the King, with Bulbo and Angelica beside her, while the Countess

Gruffanuff, who had come with Angelica, sat opposite.

'What can have induced that hideous Gruffanuff to dress herself up in such an absurd way? Did you ask her to be your bridesmaid, my dear?' says Giglio to Rosalba. 'What a figure of fun Gruffy is!'

A figure of fun Gruffy certainly was, for she was dressed in a low white silk dress, with lace over it, a wreath of white roses on her wig, a splendid lace veil, and a diamond necklace. She looked at the King in such a curious way that his Majesty could not help laughing.

'Eleven o'clock!' cries Giglio, as the great cathedral bell tolled the hour. 'Gentlemen and ladies, we must be starting. Archbishops, you must be at church, I think, before twelve?'

'We must be at church before twelve,' sighs out Gruffanuff, hiding her face behind her fan.

'And then I shall be the happiest man in the world,' cries Giglio, with an elegant bow to the blushing Rosalba.

'Oh, my Giglio! Oh, my dear Majesty!' exclaims Gruffanuff, 'and can it be that this happy moment at last has arrived——'



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‘Of course it has arrived,’ says the King.

‘—And that I am about to become the bride of my beloved Giglio!’ continues Gruffanuff. ‘Lend me a smelling-bottle, somebody. I certainly shall faint with joy.’

‘You my bride?’ roars out Giglio.

‘You marry my Prince?’ cried poor little Rosalba.

‘Pooh! Nonsense! The woman is mad!’ exclaims the King.

‘I should like to know who else is going to be married if I am not?’ screams out Gruffanuff. ‘I should like to know if King Giglio is a gentleman, and means to keep his promise? Look, everybody! does not this paper declare that he is mine?’ And she handed the Archbishop the paper which Giglio had signed that evening when he thought it was an order for coals.

And the old Archbishop, taking out his eye-glasses, read—‘This is to give notice, that I, Giglio, hereby promise to marry the charming Countess Gruffanuff.’

‘Pooh!’ says the Archbishop, ‘the signature is not in his Majesty’s handwriting.’ Indeed, since his studies in the university, Giglio had made great improvement at his writing.

'Is it your handwriting, Giglio?' cries the Fairy Blackstick, looking terribly severe.

'Y--y--y--es,' poor Giglio gasps out, 'I had quite forgotten about it. You old witch, what will you take to let me off? Help the Queen, some one--her Majesty has fainted.'

'Chop her head off! Smother the old witch! Throw her into the river!' exclaimed every one together.

But Gruffanuff shouted out, 'Justice, justice,' so loudly that it made every one stop. As for Rosalba she was carried away fainting by her ladies, and you may imagine Giglio's grief when he saw his darling bride borne away, and in her place the horrid old Gruffanuff, who rushed to his side and once more shrieked out, 'Justice, justice!'

'Won't you take all my money and the crown jewels?' says Giglio.

'I will have the money and you too!' says Gruffanuff.

'I won't, I can't, I shan't,' shouts Giglio, 'I will not marry her. Oh, Fairy, Fairy, tell me what to do.' And as he spoke he looked wildly round at the stern face of the Fairy Blackstick.

'Why is Fairy Blackstick always telling

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me how to behave, and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose I am not a man of honour?' said the Fairy, quoting Giglio's own haughty words. Then, indeed, he felt there was no escape for him.

'Well, Archbishop,' said he, in a dreadful voice, 'since I am to lose Rosalba, let me at least keep my honour. Get up, Countess, and let us be married. I can keep my word, but I can die afterwards.'

'Oh, dear Giglio,' cries Gruffanuff, skipping up, 'I knew I could trust you, I knew my Prince was the soul of honour. Jump into your carriages, ladies and gentlemen, and let us go to church at once. Dear Giglio, you will soon forget that little chambermaid of a Queen, and will live to be comforted by your Gruffanuff!' and hanging on poor Giglio's arm, the old witch tripped off in her white satin shoes, and jumped into the very carriage which had been got ready to take Giglio and Rosalba to church.

The cannons roared, the bells pealed, the people came out flinging flowers upon the path of the royal bride and bridegroom, and Gruff looked out of the gilt coach window and bowed and smiled to them. Ugh! the horrid old wretch!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### AND NOW WE COME TO THE END OF THE STORY

The ups and downs of her life had made the Princess Rosalba very sensible, so that, instead of tearing her hair, crying, and fainting again, she remembered that she must be an example to all her subjects. And though she loved Giglio more than her life, she was determined that she would never make him break his royal word, and she told the Fairy so.

‘I cannot marry him, but I shall love him always,’ says she to Blackstick, ‘I will go to the wedding and wish them all happiness. I will see, when I get home, what crown jewels I can send to the new Queen, for I shall never use them. I will live and die unmarried like Queen Elizabeth, and of course I shall leave my crown to Giglio when I die. Let us go and see them married, my dear Fairy,

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let me say one last farewell to him; and then, if you please, I will return to my own kingdom.'

So the Fairy kissed Rosalba with great tenderness, and at once changed her wand into a comfortable coach-and-four, with a steady coachman, and two footmen behind. And the Fairy and Rosalba got into the coach, and Angelica and Bulbo with them. As for Bulbo, he was sobbing over Rosalba's misfortunes, and she was so touched by his sympathy, that she promised to give him back all the lands which had been taken from his father, Padella. So the coach moved on, and being a fairy coach soon came up with the bridal procession.

It was the custom in Paflagonia for the bride and bridegroom to sign the marriage papers before they went to church, so, as the royal palace was not yet ready to receive them, the party drove off to the Prince's palace. That was the one, you remember, where Angelica was born, before her father took the throne.

When they arrived, all the grand people got out and stood aside to let the bride and bridegroom pass. Poor Rosalba stepped out of her coach, almost fainting, and stood

up against the railings, so as to have a last look at her dear Giglio. As for Blackstick, she, as usual, had flown out of the coach window in some mysterious way, and was now standing at the palace door.

Giglio came up the steps with his horrible bride on his arm, looking as pale as if he was going to execution. He only frowned at the Fairy Blackstick - he was angry with her, and thought she came to mock at his misery.

'Get out of the way, pray,' says Gruffanuff haughtily. 'I wonder why you are always poking your nose into other people's affairs?'

'Are you determined to make this poor young man unhappy?' says Blackstick.

'To marry him, yes! What business is it of yours? Pray, madam, don't say "you" to a Queen,' cries Gruffanuff.

'You won't take the money he offered you?'

'No.'

'You won't let him off his bargain, though you know you cheated him when you made him sign the paper?'

'Impudence! Policemen, remove this woman,' cries Gruffanuff, and the policemen were rushing forward, but with a wave of

her wand the Fairy struck them all like so many statues in their places.

‘You won’t take anything instead of this promise, Mrs. Gruffanuff?’ cries the Fairy, with awful severity. ‘I speak for the last time.’

‘No!’ shrieks Gruffanuff, stamping with her foot. ‘I’ll have my husband, my husband, my husband!’

‘You SHALL HAVE YOUR HUSBAND!’ the Fairy Blackstick cried, and coming a step forward, laid her hand upon the nose of the KNOCKER.

As she touched it, the brass nose seemed to grow longer, the open mouth opened still wider, and uttered a roar which made everybody start. The eyes rolled wildly; the arms and legs uncurled themselves, kicked about, and seemed to lengthen with each kick; the knocker swelled into a figure in yellow livery, six feet high. The screws by which it was fixed to the door unloosened themselves, and Jenkins Gruffanuff once more stood on the door-step off which he had been lifted more than twenty years ago.

‘Master’s not at home,’ says Jenkins, just in his old voice; and Mrs. Jenkins Gruffa-







nuff, giving a dreadful gasp, fell down in a fit, in which nobody minded her.

For everybody was shouting, 'Hurray! hurray!' 'Hip, hip, hurray!' 'Long live the King and Queen!' 'The Fairy Blackstick for ever!'

The bells were ringing and the guns were roaring and banging. Bulbo was embracing everybody, and Hedzoff was dancing a jig for joy; and as for Giglio—I leave you to imagine what he was doing. And if he kissed Rosalba once, twice—twenty thousand times, I'm sure I don't think he was wrong.

So Jenkins Gruffanuff opened the hall door with a low bow, just as he used to do, and they all went in and signed the marriage papers, and then they went to church, and Giglio and Rosalba were married, and the Fairy Blackstick sailed away on her cane, and was never more heard of in Pafagonia.

And here ends the story.







